

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

William Wins.

BY SHIRLEY MOSES.

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"Husbands and cooks, husbands and cooks, when a girl marries she loses her looks."

THE Victrola next door called the sentiment out of window just as Lillian Farrell tied a checked apron over her afternoon dress and started down stairs for the kitchen. She had come home from a party and there was no time to change. William would be home soon waiting his dinner.

"That's as true as the Bible," she agreed, for things had gone wrong all day and instead of the bridge game soothing her ruffled spirits it had made things worse. She had always envied Madeleine Dempster her well-ordered house, clothes and servants, but she had gone prepared to ignore the difference in their circumstances and to have a good time.

"The girls are always nice to me anyway even if I do wear last season's clothes, so I'll be amiable and forget my troubles," she resolved.

But almost every one there had a new dress, rich new satin or silk, city made. Instantly she had felt trumpy. Her dark blue crepe, made at home to begin with, had never done anything more than answer a purpose. She knew it lacked dash and made her look old—because it was made too young for her. And, looking around the room at the carefully massaged faces, professionally shampooed heads and manicured hands that bore burdens of gems, she felt that every time in her face was an inch deep, her hair thin and badly done, and her hands red and rawboned from dishwashing. They seemed to portend ignominiously from sleeves that had always been an inch too short.

So her resolve had been short-lived. It had been impossible to keep a brave front when every fibre in her was protesting at her lot. She complained of a headache, played badly, and left as early as she could.

She went down to the kitchen with the Victrola screaming after her, "Husbands and cooks, she loses her looks."

"Not a woman, there had to go home and get her own dinner! It doesn't seem fair. William doesn't seem to realize that he is 38 and should have made some money by this time. He's as happy and placid as a summer day, in spite of the fact that his one and only venture in stocks has cleaned him out of almost every cent he had."

"All we've worked for and saved since we've been married. Men make me tired."

She banged the kettle of potatoes on to the stove, lighted the broiler for the steak and fixed some cheese balls for salad.

"I hate this old kitchen. I hate this old house, and my old clothes, and I hate—William! Yes, I do! He's getting fat and bald and he never keeps his trousers creased any more, they're always bagging at the knee, and he doesn't do anything but read the paper or go to sleep in his chair, and he never seems to think I need a thing. Yes, I hate, hate, hate him! There he is now!"

The front door shut and William called back, "Hello mommy!" They had never had any children, but he had adopted the pet name long ago.

"Hello," she answered dully, clearing the coffee with cold water.

He came to the door. "Any news?"

"No." She didn't look up. He crossed the kitchen and kissed her on the cheek.

"We'll you out, hon?"

"Yes."

"Go to the bridge party?"

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

"No."

"No! What's the matter, girlie—one of your headaches again?"

"A little bit."

"Too bad. You'll feel better maybe when you get your dinner. Let the fishes go."

"That's no help. They have to be done in the morning."

"That's so. Well, dear, I'm sorry. If things are ready I'll wash up and be down in a jiffy."

As he took his good-natured bulk out of the kitchen Lillian wiped an indignant tear from the corner of her eye, and began "lifting" the dinner. "It doesn't do any good to tell him. I'm tired of being poor. He never seems to understand anyway. As long as he has a good meal and a comfortable place to sleep, nothing else matters."

She lighted table candles, poured

## SHE WEDS HIM ON HIS DEATH BED



Andrew Waldstein and his bride, principals in "death bed" wedding.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 3.—Doctors have told Arthur Waldstein that he has but a few days to live. He is waiting for death with a smile on his lips, for he is happy in spite of his doom.

His last days are being spent in a honeymoon with the girl he has loved since childhood, Miss Pearl Loretta Henderson, a trained nurse. They

out the water and sat down. William came in.

"Looks dandy, mom!"

No answer.

"Peach of a steak. You know what I like. And mashed potatoes! Good!"

He looked around at the buffet on which stood the salad and dessert.

"Cheese salad and Spanish cream, too! What have I done to deserve such a layout?"

"Nothing!" she snapped.

William carved in silence. The snap had divulged something he had not noticed. His wife was out of humor.

"I saw something funny in the paper tonight—the United States marine in Nicaragua are fond of broiled lizard served with a sauce made of alligator pears."

Lillian, her eyes on the candles, tasted some coffee. She made no answer. Then: "The girls all had on stunning new dresses today. I looked a fright beside them."

"You look fine! Never saw you look better. You imagine things!"

"No, I don't."

Silence for a while.

"I saw in the paper tonight that Luther Moddocks, the government fish expert, has rechristened dogfish into grayfish. He says it's the most delicious fish on the market! We'll have to get some."

"Always something for me to cook." She pushed back her chair. "I'm tired of everything—cooking, housework, and doing without things."

"Tired of me, hon?"

"Yes!"

"The devil you are!"

Instantly she was sorry.

"Oh, no, I'm not, Will. But you're always so good natured and you don't seem to understand. I'm worn out, I guess, and I can't help it. But I'm tired of being poor."

A shadow crossed his face. "So am I, dear! It is tough I lost that money on Petrolina. I thought you could get some things if we cleared up a dividend." He fished in his pocket for a letter. "I found this in the mail box. It's from Tompkins. Wants more mo-

ney, I suppose, but I'm going to tell him to let the old stuff go. I've sent too much good money after bad."

He slit the envelope and read rapidly. Lillian, watching his face saw him change expression.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Petrolina's taken a turn. We've cleared up \$10,000, mommy! That's a pretty good start on the right road, eh?"

"Will! I—I can't believe it!"

"Fact! Read it for yourself!"

She took the letter with shaking fingers. William went around and bent over her chair. "Now you can have all the pretty things you want. I'm just going to give it all to you and let you get everything your poor little heart has been craving."

"And you too, Will. Thinking of the things you can't get!"

"Oh? Oh, I don't want anything. I've got you, mommy. I'm satisfied."

Didn't Believe It.

"Talk about fishing," said Harvey Titus, who was just getting under way, "what would you do if you found on your hook a 750-pound horse mackerel?"

"Do?" said the listener. "I'd get up, take a drink of water and lie on my right side for a while."—New York Telegraph.

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## HEALTH HINTS

What should be done in a case of scarlet fever?

From the moment the disease is suspected until the patient is released for isolation, systematic and steadfast effort must be made to prevent the disease from spreading.

Parents the householder, and the physician should co-operate heartily with the health authorities.

Scarlet fever may be confused with measles, diphtheria and whooping cough. The first thing to do, therefore is to get a competent doctor at once in all suspicious cases.

Then follow his directions carefully. All home treatment to "bring out the rash" such as hot drinks, hot baths, or extra heavy wraps, does more harm than good. The fever cannot be cut short by anything that can be done, but there is no disease in which skilled judgment of the physician is more necessary.

When a child comes down with vomiting, fever, sore throat or symptoms of a cold, place it in a room by itself away from other children.

All the things the child has been playing with and handling should be taken into the same room. The person who looks after the sick child, and that is usually the mother, should wash her hands and face on leaving the room before doing anything else. Her hands must not touch anything outside the room until they have been washed with soap and water.

Paradox.

No word upon the lips of humanity would be more true today than the paradox "what I gave I have," for the creative force grows in proportion as it is generously expended and, with life itself, dwindles as it is eked out and repressed.

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"I know it is a great sacrifice for her. It's a wonderful thing to have a woman like her for your wife. We are going to be happy just as long as we can."

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## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"I could not get home quick enough to write to Emma. I had clinched my job."

"All my loneliness will soon be over. I thought, for surely I'll find some one at rehearsal with whom I can chum. It shows how innocent I was that not for a minute did I think of Earnest Lawton."

"Here is my letter to Emma, Margie."

"Well, I'm it, Emma dear. I've got my chance on Broadway and we open in four weeks. Just as I had about given up everything and was making up my mind I would never reach that manager, through whom I knew I had to get the part of Elga in a new comedy that an acquaintance seemed to think would suit me, the plum dropped right into my lap."

"I was sitting disconsolate in the outer office when the handsomest man I had ever seen walked through. His great brown eyes looked into mine, and I knew I had, as you say, Emma, made a hit."

"Then Mr. Actor—I knew he was an actor—walked in as though he owned the place and in a few minutes I

was ushered in. And oh, Emma, I got the job, or perhaps I should say I got the part."

"I cannot conceive a nicer man than Mr. Lawton. He was so sure I could do the part that he overruled all the objections of that sour old manager."

"Mr. Lawton was just like one of my friends in mother's drawing room, and yet he was all business. Emma, I'm to have \$35 a week! Think of it!"

"As I wrote this, Margie, I did not know \$35 was a small salary for an actress. Out of it I would have to buy three costumes—an actress has to buy all her own wear in a modern play—and I had to live the next few weeks, as no one is paid for rehearsals."

"Still, Margie, I thought my whole future was made. I did not understand that I had been given the job simply because a man who could give it to me liked the look in my eyes or the curve of my lips."

"Mr. Lawton, I learned afterward, knew he had to have a new love affair each year to help him on with his work, for Earnest Lawton was an artist and I have decided from my many experiences that an artist has to

have some woman if not in the foreground working with him, at least in the background for whom he is working.

"I was curious about the people at rehearsal the next day. The leading woman looked worn and tired. I learned afterward that she had been working outside New York for years and this was her first chance on Broadway—Broadway, that eats up energy, talent, health and hope and yet is the goal of every actor."

## Her Vacation.

Little Elizabeth was enjoying an outing with her grandmother. She was amiable always, quite willing to do as her grandmother wished, except in one respect: she rebelled at the daily nap. "Why should I sleep?" she remonstrated. "This is my vacation."

Still Tells the Story. Many a middle-aged man who heard the tinkle of a school bell winces as he forgets for a moment that it does not call him to books. But he will tell a schoolboy that school days are the happiest. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

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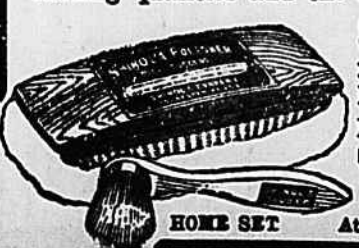
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